



Indes Fall;

O R,

A Warning for all *English* Women, by the Example of a strange Monster lately born in *Germany*, by a Merchant's proud Wife at *Genova*.

England's fair dainty Dames,
See here the Fall of *Pride*,
That *God* may be your Guide:
Twas a Dutch-land frow,
Shining in Beauty bright;
And a brave Merchant's Wife,
In whom he took Delight.

All things I had at Will,
my Heart could wish or crave;
My Diet dainty fare,
my Garments rich and brave;
No Wife in *Germany*,
where I in Pleasure dwell'd,
For golden Bravery
my Person so excell'd:

My Coaches richly wrought,
and deckt with Pearl and Gold,
Carried me up and down,
whereas my Pleasure would:
The Earth I deem'd too base
my Feet to tread upon,
My blooming Crimson Cheeks

My Beauty made me think
myself an Angel bright,
Framed of heavenly Mould,
and not an earthly Wight;
For all my Happiness,
God's Holy Bible Book,
I had my Looking-Glass,
wherein I Pleasure took.

There was no Fashion found,
that might advance my *Pride*,
But in my Looking-Glass,
my Fancy soon espy'd:
Every vain foolish Toy
changeth my wanton Mind;
And they best pleased me
that could new Fashions find.

All these Earthly Joys
pleased me with *Genova*,
That *God* my *Pride* use
ne'er a Child to me lent,
but make me hear to *Genova*,
for which Offence to *God*,
He hath most grievously
scourged me with his Rod.

And in my tender Womb,
of so pure Blood,
I hated her strange to see
a most deformed Brood;
That Women of wanton *Pride*
may take Example by,
How they in Fashions fond,
offend the Lord on high.

When the Babe came to light,
and I brought to my Bed,
No Child was spar'd that Night,
to stand me in my stead;
A pale young and fair,
for a royal Queen,
all attendants there,
it was daily seen.

Never had Merchant's Wife
of Ladies such a Thing,
That came in gentle sort,
at the House of *Genova*:
And when my swelling Womb
yielded up Nature's due,
Such a strange Monster then
surely Man never knew.

For it affrighted to
all the whole Company,
That every one said in Heart,
Vengeance now draweth nigh:
It had two Faces strange,
and two Heads painted fair,
On the Brows could Locks,
such as our wondrous wear.

One Hand held like the Shape
of a fair Looking Glass,
In which I took Delight,
how my vain Beauty was:
The other seem'd to have
perfectly seen therein,
Like the Shape of a Rod,
scourging me for my Sin.

These Womens wantonnefs,
and their vain foolish Minds
Never contented are
with what thing *God* assigns:
Look to it *London* Dames,
God keepeth Plagues in store.
And now the following part
of this Song sheweth more.

Grief and Care kills my Heart;
where *God* offered is,
As the poor Merchant's Wife
did worldly Comforts miss:
Strange were the Miseries
that she so long endur'd;
No Ease by Womens help
could be as they procur'd.

Hereupon *Genova* the Child
with *Genova* the *Pride*,
Mother *Genova* the *Pride*
brings the *Genova*;
Let your *Genova* the *Genova*,
or else the *Genova* *Genova*.
Will scourge your *Genova* the *Genova*
with a more *Genova* the *Genova*.

About his Neck a Hunting Ruff,
it had now and then,
Starched with *Genova* and blue,
seeming up *Genova* the *Genova*:
With Laces *Genova* and broad,
as now *Genova* the *Genova* Bands,
Thus *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova*
first in *Genova* the *Genova*.

The Breast *Genova* the *Genova* o're
as *Genova* the *Genova* be;
Now *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova* wear,
the *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova*:
Every Part *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova*,
had *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova* *Genova*,
But *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova* *Genova*,
the *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova* *Genova*.

From the Head to the Foot,
Monster like was it born,
Every part had the Shape
of *Genova* the *Genova* *Genova*:
On the Feet poked Sholes,
insteps had *Genova* the *Genova*,
Which in *Genova* the *Genova* is use
so vainly are we led.

Thus hath my Flesh and Blood,
nourisht now near my Heart,
Puts me in mind of Sin,
and bids me now convert:
O let all Women then
take heed of wanton *Pride*;
Angels have fallen from Heaven,
and for that Sin have dy'd.

No sooner brought to Light
was this Fruit of my Youth,
But to the Council-House
it was brought for a Truth:
Where to the Magistrates
in a most fearful sort,
Began loud to speak,
and these Words did utter.

I am a Messenger
now sent from *God* on high,
To bid you all repent,
Christ's *Genova* draweth nigh:
Repent you all with speed,
this is a Message sure,
The World seems at an end,
and cannot long endure.

Pride is the Prince of Sin,
which is our chief delight;
Mankind repent with speed,
before the Lord doth smite:
This is my last adieu,
Repentance soon provide.
These were the latest Words
and so the Monster dy'd.

Great was the fear of those
that these same Speeches hear,
God grant all *Genova* the *Genova* in
have their Mind well
With true Repentance,
God's Mercy to
That never Woman-kind
may bring forth such Fruit.

And you fair *English* Dames,
that in *Pride* do excel,
This woful Misery
in your Hearts print fall well:
Let not *Pride* be your Guide,
for *Pride* will have a Fall;
Maid and Wife, let my life
be a Warning to you all.

F I N I S.

Printed and Sold by the
Heart and Crown in *Genova*.
Ind. *Genova*.

